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CONVERSATIONS

WITH

THEODORE AND HIS SISTER.

Dedicated to the Children.

BEING ESPECIALLY DESIGNED TO INTEREST THEM IN

Our Queries.

BY HARRIET E. STOCKLY.

"YE ARE OF GOD, LITTLE CHILDREN."

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED FOR THE BOOK ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS,

BY T. ELLWOOD ZELL,

439 MARKET STREET.

1860.

Oh, say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain ;
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim, or unheard, the words may fall.
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

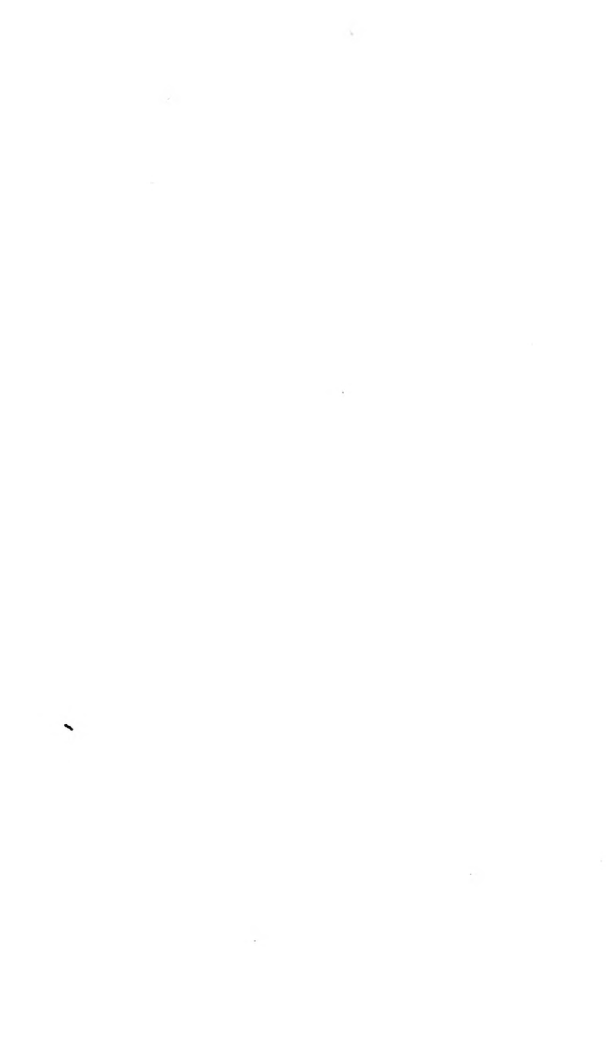
K&BLE.

P R E F A C E.

THESE familiar conversations, though dedicated to the children, I hope may be acceptable to parents and teachers as an aid in directing the youthful mind to an examination of the testimonies of truth as held by the Society of Friends.

H. E. S.

PHILADELPHIA, 8th Mo. 15, 1860.



CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead

LONGFELLOW

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CONVERSATION FIRST.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE FIRST QUERY.

“Are all our religious meetings for worship and discipline duly attended; is the hour observed; and are Friends clear of sleeping, and all other unbecoming behavior therein?”

Dory. Cousin, we were at monthly meeting the other day, and as I did not understand some things Friends did and said there, I thought I would ask thee to tell us more about them. About the “queries,” as they are called, why they read them, and all about monthly meetings.

Cousin. That would make a very long talk—quite too long for one day. We can

begin, however, with the First Query, and take them up in regular order.

Sue. That will be very nice; and I know Dory will be so glad to hear about them.

Dory. Yes, indeed I shall.

Cousin. Well, the Society of Friends, of which we are members, is a little band of people professing to be led and guided by the spirit of God in our own hearts, but for our outward government rules of discipline have been made. Some of these rules are formed into queries, which are read and answered at our monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings.

Dory. I begin to know a little more about it already, for the first query asks if we attend our meetings.

Sue. Cousin, as I was coming home the other day, I was thinking why we did not sing and have a fine organ to play in our meeting, as they do where Ella Carey goes. I am sure it would be much more entertaining.

Cousin. But, my dear Sue, we do not go to meeting to be entertained.

Sue. Well! what is the use of going to meeting?

Cousin. We go to meeting to worship our Father in Heaven; but, before I answer thy question further, I will ask thee and brother if you do not feel something in your hearts which shows you what is right to do, or say, or think, and what is not right; and when you do what is wrong do you not feel sad and sorry, and sometimes fear for mother to know about it?

Dory. O, yes! often; but somehow mother always finds it out, and I 'most think it is best to tell her at first.

Cousin. True, Dory, it is best. On the contrary, when you are good and loving to each other, kind to your little playmates, and do as mother says, do you not feel pleasant and happy?

Dory. Yes, indeed! and sometimes I

think I never will be naughty again, but then I forget.

Sue. I sometimes think I hear something speaking in my heart, just as if it were a voice telling me what is right and what is wrong.

Cousin. What does my little Sue think this voice is, speaking in her heart, telling her what is right and what is wrong?

Sue. I cannot tell, cousin, but I can hear it plainly.

Cousin. Well, dear Sue, it is the spirit of our Heavenly Father. His voice speaks in every heart; but, in order to hear it, we must be still and listen to what it says.

Dory. Mother has often told me about it; and she says His all-seeing eye can see us everywhere, where men cannot see, and we can never go where it will not follow us.

Cousin. Not only so, but this great and good Heavenly Father gives us all that we

have—life, breath, health, strength, kind parents, and nice friends.

Sue. He made the whole earth and the sky, the tall trees and the beautiful flowers.

Dory. And the lion and the elephant, the camel, the whale, and all the animals.

Sue. Yes; and the sweet singing birds, the grasshopper, and the firefly.

Dory. We could not eat nor drink, nor walk nor stand, if He did not let us do it.

Cousin. Nor enjoy the many good things He has given us. Every good thing comes from God. He is everywhere, even in our hearts.

Dory. I often know what it is for him to speak to me in my heart. The other day, when I wet my handkerchief under the hydrant, when my aunt told me not to go there, I felt I did wrong, and before I went to bed that night I was very sorry, and thought I never would do so again.

Cousin. I hope my little Dory will try to

keep his promise, and then, as you are careful not to do what this "voice" tells you is wrong, from being good children you will grow to be good men and women.

Sue. I am quite sure it is right never to do wrong, and I will try

"To do better and better every day,
Till all the bad is done away."

Cousin. Now, dear children, I think you must feel how much you owe this kind Father, who is always watching over you, and who sees your inmost thoughts. Would you not like to do something to please him?

Dory. Yes, cousin, but we are so little!

Cousin. You are not too little to be honest and truthful; obedient to your parents; cheerful and loving at home; kind to everybody. If you do these things now, when you are older perhaps you may do more.

Dory and Sue. We will try.

Cousin. Now, if you still want to know

why we go to meeting, I will tell you : It is to be still, and listen to the voice of this great and good Father. To wait upon him, that He may give us strength to do His will. To obey His voice is true worship. We should try to do this at all times. But when we go to meeting it is especially fitting that we should wait in stillness on this inward guide, that we may know how He would have us to walk. When we thus wait upon Him in true silence, we acknowledge Him to be above all ; our Father and our King, and this feeling is also worship.

Sue. If we had an organ and sweet singing in our meetings, we might listen to them instead of to the "still small voice."

Dory. And not have time to look into our hearts, which I see we must do, to tell whether we do what the good Spirit shows us is right.

Cousin. The right and true worship is to try to have the same spirit as our Father in heaven. Then we will do no evil, but we will

do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God.

Dory. I think now I shall love to go to meeting.

Cousin. I hope so, Dory; and as we go there professedly to wait upon our Heavenly Father, let us be careful to observe the hour, and not go to sleep, nor behave otherwise unbecomingly. To-morrow, perhaps, we may talk about the Second Query.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,

And, oh! accept my prayer;

Thou well canst hear all that I say,

For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall

Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;

And though I am so young and small.

Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,

And, when I sin, forgive;

And make it still my chief delight

To love Thee while I live.


THE DOVE'S VISIT.

I knew a little sickly child :

 The long, long summer's day,
When all the world was green and bright,
 Alone in bed he lay ;
There used to come a little dove
 Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice
 Out of the fir-tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,
 And he could creep along,
Close to that window he would come,
 And listen to her song ;
And he ~~was~~ gentle in his speech,
 And quiet at his play ;
He would not for the world have made
 That sweet bird fly away.

There is a Holy Dove that sings
 To every listening child,—
That whispers to his little heart
 A song more sweet and mild.



It is the Spirit of our God,
That speaks to him within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that "still, small voice,"
Nor tempt it to depart,—
The Spirit great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart:
He must be pure, and good, and true,
Must strive, and watch, and pray,
For unresisted sin at last
Will drive that Dove away.

CONVERSATION SECOND.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE SECOND QUERY.

“Are love and unity maintained amongst you?
Are tale-bearing and detraction discouraged?
And where any differences arise, are endeavors
used speedily to end them?”

Sue. It is almost time cousin had come.
Is it not very kind, Dory, for her to take so
much trouble with us? · ·

Dory. Well, I suppose she loves us, or
she would not do it. I am sure we love her,
and our next talk is to be about love and
unity.

Sue. See how it snows! I wonder if
cousin will come—the ground is all sleety.

Dory. I do believe the snow freezes as it falls. O but we will have fun when it clears off! I will take my new sled father gave me, and give thee a ride down the hill.

Sue. That will be so nice! I wish it would clear off now; I want to go so badly I can scarcely wait till it has done.

Dory. There's a poor fellow down! Do look at him, Sue.

Sue. O, Dory, I am almost afraid to look, for fear he is hurt; do run and see.

Dory. No, I guess he is not hurt, he jumps up too quickly. There he goes with his dog after him. He is not hurt. Here comes a sleigh—I hear the bells.

Sue. Sleigh, indeed! It is only the scissors-grinder. I do not think people will “want any scissors ground” this snowy day, so the poor old man may as well go home again. Is it not cold for him to be creeping about?

Dory. May be he has to do it to get bread for his little children.

Sue. I wish I knew about it, and I would ask mother to let me give him some of the potatoes father bought to give away to poor people. Now he stops at that door; I hope they will ask him to go in and get warm.

Dory. Here comes the charcoal man, leading his donkey. Hear him cry, "Charcoal! Charcoal!"

Sue. O fie, dirty man! How black and sooty he looks! Do not come here, dirty man!

Dory. Do not talk so, sister. He cannot help looking black and dirty. His work makes him look so, but he may be ever such a nice man, for all that. Why, it is the very charcoal man that goes to neighbor Carey's, and Tom told me he brought him two nice pigeons last spring.

Sue. May be when he goes home and

washes off the black, he will not look dirty. I wish he would bring thee two nice pigeons.

Dory. Tom's mother went to see his wife and daughter when they were sick, and when they got well, he was so glad he brought Tom the pigeons. Tom says he always looks so pleased when they are all well.

Sue. I wish cousin would come.

Dory. I wish she would, for she always has so much to tell us. Why, here she is now.

Cousin. Well, little folks, are you bright and well this morning?

Dory and Sue. Very well, thank thee, cousin, and we were just wishing for thee.

Sue. We saw one man tumble down. Did the sleety pavement give thee a fall?

Cousin. No, indeed; why would it do that?

Sue. Because it is so slippery.

Cousin. I knew that before I came out, so I took heed to my steps.

Dory. Now for our talk. I have something in my head I want to ask thee, but I cannot just bring it out.

Sue. Do let cousin get off her bonnet and cloak, and warm her cold fingers and toes before we begin.

Cousin. I am quite warm now, and I want to hear what Dory has on his mind.

Dory. Well, it is about love and unity.

Sue. Dory does not know what love is! Why, love is good-will, benevolence, affection.

Dory. Yes, but I do not want to know the name of it, I want to know the thing itself.

Sue. Well, love is good-will to everybody. When Lucy Thomas said so the other day, Teacher said that would do.

Cousin. A right good definition of it, truly; but let us hear Dory's question.

Dory. Why, in meeting the other day, they asked, Are love and unity maintained;

are tale-bearing and detraction discouraged; and where any differences arise, are endeavors used speedily to end them? I want to ask thee what it all means.

Sue. Why, cousin, how could Dory remember so much?

Dory. I got father to write it down, and I learnt it by heart on purpose to ask cousin about it, for I knew the Second Query came next.

Cousin. Well, what does it mean, Dory? I wish to hear thy idea of what it means.

Dory. I know well enough what the first part of it means. It is that we should live in love one with another. Mother has often told us that love was charity for others. That to live in love, we must never do an unkind thing, but we must try to do unto others as we would have them do to us.

Sue. And we must not get angry, nor speak cross words to our playmates and

friends, but we must help them in every way we can.

Dory. Yes; this is what it is to live in love; but I cannot think what unity is. A unit, I know, means one, and unity the state of being one; but how can we all be one?

Cousin. We cannot be one in looks, nor person, nor mind, but we may be one in heart and in spirit. We are each made to differ from all others, but we should all have one aim, to strive to live to the glory of the Great Giver of all good. We must each try to be good in our own way, and let others be good in their way. If we always do as the "in-speaking voice" tells us is right, our hearts will be so filled with love we shall know the state of being one with our Heavenly Father, and one with each other, and so dwell in unity.

Sue. I begin to know what it means.

Cousin. Look at the beautiful flowers, how many kinds there are; they all grow and

bud, and show forth their peculiar bloom. Each flower has its own root, and stands on its own stem; and, though one is a rose and the other a lily, they both obey the law of their nature, and are perfect after their kind.

Dory. It is far better than to have them all alike.

Cousin. See also the stars, how, as the good Book says, one star differs from another star in glory; yet each has its place, and together they make

“The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky.”

Dory. I think I understand it now.

Cousin. Well, now, let me ask if you know what it means to discourage tale-bearing and detraction?

Sue. O yes, I do! it means we should not tell tales about people, for sometimes we may tell what is not true, or not quite true,

about a person ; when, if the whole truth was told, it would be found not to be a wrong thing at all. It is meddling with other people's affairs, and mother says meddlesome people often get snuff in their eyes, as meddlesome Matty did.

Dory. May it not sometimes make people do right to talk about them when they do wrong, and in the end be of use to them by keeping them from doing evil ?

Cousin. Self-love is so strong in the heart, it is very hard for us to feel that those who talk *about* us are our best friends. If we are really sorry for the faults of others, we will go in love to them, and try to win them back to good. Most of us have so many faults of our own, we have no time to attend to the faults of others ; and it is better to do everything we can to help them do right, and leave their faults to our Father in Heaven.

Sue. I think many things are called faults which are no faults at all. If we loved

everybody, we should not hear so much about their faults.

Cousin. Very true, Sue. He who looks at the heart can alone tell which are weaknesses and which are sins. It is a good rule never to speak of a person unless you can speak well of him; and if there were none to listen, there would be no evil speaking.

Dory. Well, if everybody would do right, there could be no wrong. Father says if every one would mend one, all would be mended. For my part, I will try to mend one.

Sue. That is thyself?

Dory. To be sure it is; who else can I mend? Even my sister Sue loves to have her own way as well as I do to have mine.

Cousin. And when two wilful folks, who do not think alike, both want to have their own way, differences arise,—then how do you think is the best way to end them?

Sue. Why, the best way to end them is never to let them begin.

Dory. If our hearts are full of love, there will be no room for unkind differences.

Cousin. Surely not, dear children; and this is the secret of living in love and unity; and I hope you will be so watchful over your spirits that you will never indulge in tale-bearing and detraction.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

DEAR SUSAN, starting into life,
What shall arm thee for its strife?
What shall lead thy steps aright?
Whence shall come thy guiding light?
Whence shall come the saving word?
How the voice of God be heard?
Not from sages, not from books,
Nor solemn stars, nor babbling brooks;
These all speak His power and love
Who rules below, and rules above;
But, to know His holy will,
Oft in silence deep and still,
Turn thy listening ear within;
There, midst life's disturbing din,
The "still, small voice," in whispers sweet,
Shall point the way and guide thy feet.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER.”

Children, do you love each other ?

Are you always kind and true ?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you ?

Are you gentle to each other ?

Are you careful, day by day,

Not to give offence by actions,

Or by anything you say ?

Little children, love each other,

Never give another pain ;

If your brother speaks in anger,

Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other ;

Never spoil another's rest ;

Strive to make each other happy,

And you will yourselves be blest.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still, *let us speak the best we can.*

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man,
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known;
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span—
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

CONVERSATION THIRD.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE THIRD QUERY.

“Are Friends careful to bring up those under their direction, in plainness of speech, behavior, and apparel; in frequent reading the Holy Scriptures; and to restrain them from reading pernicious books, and from the corrupt conversations of the world?”

Sue. Here is cousin; and I suppose she has come to tell us about the Third Query.

Dory. I am very glad, for I want to hear her explain it.

Cousin. No, I cannot tarry long just now, dear children; but do you see how many limbs have been blown off the trees?

Dory. Yes. The wind blew very hard all night, and father read, in this morning's paper, that the roof was blown off a house at Point Breeze.

Sue. Tell us more about it, Dory. Was it an old house?

Dory. No; it was right new, not quite finished. I think the paper said the windows were not in.

Cousin. I believe the house was strong and well built; but it could not stand the great force of the wind.

Sue. Who would think wind is so strong? What is wind?

Dory. Wind is air put in motion.

Sue. What puts air in motion so as to cause wind?

Cousin. One cause is the change from heat to cold. At night the earth is cool; but when the sun rises it heats the earth, and the earth heats the air next to it; and this warm air rises, and a stream of cold air

comes to fill its place, and this rush of air is called wind.

Sue. Does the wind always blow?

Cousin. It always has some motion; but sometimes it is so gentle that we can scarcely feel it.

Sue. Why is it not always alike?

Cousin. If the earth were covered with water, the wind would follow the sun, and blow all the time one way; but now, it is often turned out of its course by mountains, valleys, and deserts.

Dory. What becomes of it then?

Cousin. It must either rush back again or fly off at one side.

Dory. As a ball or a marble flies off when we throw it against a wall.

Sue. What keeps the air all the time in motion?

Dory. Why, some air gets warm, and rises, and then cold air comes in to fill its

place, and so the air keeps all the time in motion.

Cousin. This shows the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father. If the warm countries were not cooled by the air blowing from the cold countries, they would soon become so hot no human being could live there. And, on the other hand, were not the cold regions warmed by the hot air blowing from the warm ones, they would become insufferably cold.

Dory. I suppose the north wind is cold because it comes over mountains of snow and seas of ice.

Cousin. Yes, and the south wind is warm because it comes from a warm country.

Dory. How fast does the wind travel?

Cousin. A gentle breeze travels about five miles an hour,—a high wind from twenty to sixty,—a hurricane from eighty to one hundred miles an hour.

Dory. Faster than the fastest locomotive. How can they tell how fast the wind travels?

Cousin. By watching the clouds, and seeing the speed of their shadow on the ground. We have had quite a talk about winds, and it is time for me to go.

Sue. Oh! do not go yet.

Dory. I want to talk about something else.

Cousin. Well, come home with me, and we can talk as we go along. We have plenty of snow piled up in our yard, and we can make a huge snow man, with a hat on his head and a cane in his hand.

Sue. Wait till I ask mother if we can go.

Dory. I may as well put away our books and slates, for I am almost sure mother will say yes.

Sue. Yes, she says we may go!

Cousin. Wrap up right well, for the air

is keen. Are you ready? Well, come along. We will go up this quiet street, and we can hear each other talk.

Dory. I want to ask thee about what father was saying the other evening. It was my bedtime, and I could not stay to listen; but it was on the Third Query, and I heard him say that people should bring up their children in plainness of speech, behavior, and apparel. Did he mean we boys should wear straight collars on our jackets, and the girls should dress like mother and Aunt Mercy?

Cousin. I am sure he did not mean that, but that in all things we should try to be plain or simple.

Dory. What does it mean to be simple?

Suc. Why, not to take on airs, or buy very costly clothes, or live in grand houses and give large parties, which mother says makes us think too much about our bodies.

Cousin. Yes, and to spend our precious

time on things which are really of no use, and often bring pride into our hearts; and sometimes those do it who cannot afford to spend so much.

Dory. If people cannot afford it, they should not live so.

Cousin. It is not always easy to do just what we feel would be best. The wish to do as others do, often leads us to copy them in dress, speech, and manners, when we feel it is not right for us to do so.

Dory. I have often wondered why we do not have a grand house, and large mirrors, and rich carpets like neighbor Carey's; I suppose father does not think it right to spend so much money on useless things, as he calls them. But why does not mother wish me to say Sir and Mr., as Tom does?

Sue. Or me to say Ma'am and Mrs., as Ella does? It must be because they do not mean anything, Dory, for father often tells us not to use words that mean nothing.

Cousin. You ask me so many questions at once, that I am afraid I cannot answer them rightly. Sire, or sir, means father, Mr. and Mrs. or Ma'am—Master and Mistress, and when we use these titles to those who are not our father, master nor mistress, we say what is not true, and do it merely as a compliment, and then we are not plain in our address.

Dory. I did not know before that Mr. meant Master.

Cousin. That is what it means. It is only a title, for if we want to show who a person is, we must use his name besides.

Sue. The title is the handle of the name then.

Dory. It is very queer for people to have handles to their names; but, cousin, some Friends do not like young persons to call elderly ones by their names; they say it is not treating the aged with proper respect.

Cousin. There is no more beautiful trait

in the young than that which causes them to honor the aged. It is right for us to cherish a feeling of tenderness in our intercourse with them, and in all proper ways show our respect and esteem for them, but I cannot think it is ever disrespectful to address a person by name—and certainly a title which is used to nearly every one cannot convey any very great respect.

Dory. But, cousin, is it used to every one? It seems to me we do not hear very poor people called Mr. and Mrs.

Cousin. No! Not so frequently; and this is one objection Friends have to the use of titles, it makes artificial distinctions, and leads to respect of persons; to the elevation of some and the depression of others. Not using titles need not cause us to be clownish nor discourteous, for a true Christian is *always* polite.

Sue. I think I shall call people by their

plain names, without any Mr. or Mrs., Sir or Ma'am.

Dory. So shall I, for I see no use in always tacking them on. I do not see why we should not call people by the name their parents gave them.

Cousin. I hope you will think for yourselves, and not do things merely because you see others do them, but try to do what your best feelings tell you is right, and always be careful to speak only the truth.

Dory. Now, cousin, tell us about the names of the month and the days of the week, why we do not call them as Tom and Ella do?

Cousin. Why, the names which Tom and Ella use, are, some of them, the names of Heathen deities, and Friends do not like to use them—besides it is more convenient and correct to name them in the order in which they come, as 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and so on.

Dory. To be sure it is more convenient,

for then, when we hear the day or month named, we know right off how far in the week or year it is.

Cousin. As regards plainness of apparel or dress, of which we first spoke—You know the body is only of value because it is for a few years the house the spirit lives in. We should keep this house neat and clean, and take good care of it, but while there is so much in this beautiful world to please and instruct us, it is poorly worth while to spend much time in thinking of the clothes we are to put on, or taking pride in them. Perhaps one of you can repeat the little verse about fine clothes.

Sue. Yes, I can.

How proud we are, and fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;

Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

Dory. Father sometimes reads to us about the lilies how they grow, and he says the glory of the flowers is their fine odor and bright tints, but the glory of a man is in doing right. Every first day morning and evening he reads to us from the Scriptures about Moses, or Joseph, or little Samuel, or the Holy Jesus, who went about doing good all the time.

Sue. Sometimes, when he reads about the little children Jesus took in his arms and blessed, I almost wish I had been there, for him to take me in his arms.

Cousie. Though Jesus is not now on earth to take thee in his arms and bless thee, our Heavenly Father loves little children now as

much as he did then. He has placed his good Spirit in your hearts, and if you act in obedience to its holy teachings, you will be blessed as the little children were blessed in that day.

Dory. Tom Carey says, if it were not for the Scriptures we would not know right from wrong, but when I do wrong I am sure I can tell in a minute, for I feel something in my heart, saying, "Dory should not have done that!" and I know it is the good Spirit.

Sue. So do I; but I do not always mind it.

Dory. Yes, but we ought to mind it, and then we should always do right.

Cousin. The Scriptures were written by good men, who wrote as the Holy Spirit told them, and they agree with the teachings of the Holy Spirit within us.

Dory. They are both, then, from the Holy Spirit; one is within us, and always with us, the other is without, and must be read of.

Cousin. We should not only love to hear

them read, but often read them ourselves, and try to follow the precepts and divine commands there written.

Sue. I think I will love to hear them read now better than ever, for it is so good to talk about such things, and have them explained.

Dory. So shall I, and I will try to read them for myself.

Cousin. I hope you will both love to hear and to read good books, and then you will not care for those that are hurtful and untrue. If you try to be truly simple in speech, behavior, and apparel, and love to read the Scriptures, you will most likely be kept from reading pernicious books, and from the corrupt conversation of the world. But, here we are, at home.

FEAR NOT.

Nay, fear not, fear not, little ones.

There is in Heaven an eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
On all the paths you try.

LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek :
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer :
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus ;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good ;
So that of me it may be said,
She hath done what she could.

LITTLE THINGS.

She said "That few were too young, and none too humble,
to benefit their fellow-creatures in some way."

Do something for each other—
Though small the help may be ;

There's comfort oft in little things—
Far more than others see!—
It takes the sorrow from the eye,
It leaves the world less bare,
If but a friendly hand come nigh
When friendly hands are rare!
Then cheer the heart which toils each hour,
Yet finds it hard to live;
And though but little's in our power,
That little let us give.

We know not what the humblest hand,
If earnest, may achieve;
How many a sad anxiety
A trifle may relieve;
We reckon not how the aged poor
Drag on from day to day;
When e'en the little that they need
Costs more than they can pay!
Then cheer the heart that toils each hour,
Yet finds it hard to live;
And though but little's in our power,
That little let us give.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CONVERSATION FOURTH.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE FOURTH QUERY.

“Are Friends clear of the distillation or sale of spirituous liquors; and are they careful to discourage the use thereof as a drink,—and from attending places of diversion, and the unnecessary frequenting taverns? And do they keep in true moderation and temperance on the account of marriages, burials, and other occasions?”

Cousin. Well, children, are you ready for another talk about the queries, or are you tired of them?

Children. No, indeed, cousin.

Sue. It is so nice to have them explained to us.

Dory. How much more we shall enjoy

going to monthly meetings now! We can better understand what is done there.

Cousin. First let me ask about the wheat we planted in a glass the other day; and perhaps you will find wheat has some connection with one of the subjects of the Fourth Query.

Sue. It grows nicely. See how fresh and green it looks.

Cousin. Why, really, it has grown rapidly. The little stalks of wheat are several inches in height, and the roots nearly fill the glass.

Dory. How pretty it is! I want to plant some for poor little lame Joe; I know it will please him to see it growing.

Sue. O yes, let us plant some for him now, and cousin will help us. Run, Dory, and bring the water and wheat, and I will get the goblet and cotton.

Cousin. To be sure I will; for it is right to share our little pleasures with others, and

none have greater claims upon us than the sick, for they cannot help themselves.

Sue. Here I come with the cotton and goblet.

Dory. And here am I with the water and wheat. Now for the planting.

Cousin. See, I nearly fill the glass with water. On the top of the water I place a layer of cotton, and the wheat on the cotton.

Sue. Is that all?

Dory. It is soon done.

Cousin. That is all just now; but every day a little fresh water must be added. In a very short time the grain of wheat will burst, then sprout and send its roots through the cotton down into the water, and its little stalks will rise bright and green above the cotton.

Sue. The cotton is instead of earth, I suppose.

Cousin. No, not instead of earth, for there is nothing in the cotton to make it

grow. The cotton serves for the wheat to rest on and keeps it warm. The water makes it grow.

Dory. The carrot we had growing last spring was very pretty.

Sue. Yes, it was, but I almost forget how it was done.

Dory. I remember about it. Mother cut off the green, except a very little. Then she cut about the thickness of a cent off the top, and let it float in a saucer of water in a warm room.

Sue. How soon it began to sprout !

Cousin. Yes, and it was very pretty. There are many other little things of the same kind we can try.

Sue. I would like to try the pine cone. How is that done, cousin ?

Cousin. Take a dry open cone, sprinkle grass or cress seeds in the circles, and then place it in a wine-glass of water. In a few days the seeds will sprout out all over the

burr, and the contrast between the lively green and the dark brown is very pretty.

Sue. I think the milkman will bring us a pine cone, and then we can get some grass seed to plant in it.

Dory. How many nice things we can make to amuse us !

Cousin. These simple pleasures tend to make us happy and cheerful. We cannot be too grateful to our kind heavenly Father, who not only gives us so many good things, but the power to enjoy them.

.. There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

.. There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

“ There’s not a tempest, dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean’s bed,
But God’s own voice is there.”

So you see He is in all his works, and we should try always to feel him present with us.

Sue. He is even in this stalk of wheat.

Cousin. Yes, he is in everything. Even in this stalk, and we seldom weary of these little simple pleasures.

Dory. No; for we can watch them growing, day by day, and always see some new beauties.

Cousin. We should all make our homes as attractive as we can, and the little folks can do much toward making them pleasant.

Sue. We love to be at home; we have so many nice things. We have flowers and birds and maps and puzzles and books.

Dory. And a microscope and a stereoscope, so that we always have something to play with. When we tire of one we can go to another.

Cousin. You are greatly blessed in having so many useful things to interest you; but after all—

If happiness have not her seat and centre in the
breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can
be blest.

To be truly happy we must live up to the
“light” in our own hearts, and never do any-
thing we *know* to be wrong.

Sue. If we get angry, and speak naughty
and cross words, we cannot enjoy our nice
things.

Dory. Or if we say what is not true. To
feel happy we must do right, and then things
will go right.

Sue. I think the wheat growing on cotton
is about the prettiest of our “parlor pets,” as
mother calls them; for we can see it growing
both ways. Look. Dory, the glass is nearly
filled with the roots.

Dory. Cousin, I heard father say to neighbor Carey, the other evening, that a great deal of our grain was used to make spirituous liquors. Is it not a shame to use it for that purpose, when so many people need bread?

Cousin. It is, indeed, turning to a wrong purpose one of the good gifts of God. It is very wicked to make and sell as a drink what can only injure those who partake of it; and now you see what wheat has to do with the Fourth Query, which asks if Friends are clear of making or selling spirituous liquors.

Dory. Then Friends ought not to sell their wheat to those who would have it distilled?

Cousin. Certainly they should not. But sometimes I fear they sell it without any thought except to get the most money for it; and thus liquor is made that ruins thousands of people.

Dory. If George Harper, who lives back in the alley, could not buy liquor, he could

not get drunk. Father says he was a right nice man till he began to drink.

Sue. The poor little children were nearly starved when mother first heard of them, and though the ground was covered with snow, they had no fire to keep them warm.

Dory. He used to be a merchant, and then he was a sheriff. Father knew about him when he was a sober man and lived in a nice house.

Cousin. How came he to get to drinking?

Dory. Neighbor Carey says he went to parties where wine and brandy were handed round. At first he took just a little, but he got to drinking more and more, till he spent every cent he had.

Cousin. Poor fellow! Can we not do something for him? Has he no friends nor relations to give him a helping hand?

Dory. They came from England, and have no relations in this country. Mother did get him some writing to do at the soup-house,

but they could only keep him a week; he was drunk most of the time.

Sue. He has a nice wife and three dear little children. Mother helps them all she can, but she thinks they will have to go to the alms-house, after awhile.

Cousin. Can we not get places for the children, and work for the mother?

Sue. The oldest child is only five years old, and the mother has weak eyes, and keeps them covered nearly all the time.

Cousin. It is truly a sad picture, and shows how very careful we should be to keep clear of everything that has such power to injure us.

Dory. I am sure when I am a man, no wine nor brandy shall be drunk in my house, if I can help it.

Sue. And I will take care not to hand it to my friends, for if nobody took the first cup, there could be no drunkards.

Cousin. I hope throughout your lives you

will be firm in doing what you know to be right in regard to this great evil. When we think of the vast amount of sin and misery caused by strong drink, we cannot be too careful to avoid it.

Dory. If it were not for wine and brandy, I do not believe there would be as many taverns.

Cousin. Many of the taverns are only liquor-selling places, and we should visit them as little as possible, and in no way aid this traffic, which mostly brings want and sorrow, and destroys the peace of so many families.

Dory. I believe there is a bar in nearly every tavern, and I think I shall not go to one when I can help it. Jesse Howell says places of diversion, as well as taverns, lead off many young people. What is a place of diversion?

Cousin. Any entertainment which diverts us from attention to our duty, or unfits us for being guided by the inward "Voice," is a

place of diversion, and will lead us from the true path. God gives us all *good* things to be enjoyed, and places His spirit in our hearts to show us what it is not right for us to enjoy ; and we must not allow any custom or fashion to lead us to do what we feel this spirit does not approve.

Dory. This spirit would never tell us to indulge in strong drink ; would it, cousin ?

Cousin. No, Dory. If we, at all times, attended to this “Voice,” we should be clear of the distillation or sale of spirituous liquors, and careful to discourage their use as a drink ; we would not attend places of diversion, nor frequent taverns ; and we would keep to true moderation and temperance on all occasions.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

THE LUXURY OF LUXURIES.

Go thou, and wipe away the tear which dims the
widow's eye ;

Be a father to the fatherless, and still the orphan's
sigh ;

Help thou thy brother in distress with open hand
and heart ;

But do thou this when seen by none, save Him
who dwells apart.

Rejoice with those of spirit glad, upraise the
drooping head,

And to the wretched let thy words bring back the
hope long fled :

Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven, and for thy
fellows live,

Be happy in the happiness thou canst to others
give.

These are the heavenly luxuries the poorest can
enjoy :

These are the blissful banquetings which never,
never cloy.

Both rich and poor, both old and young, this truth
know as ye should—

THE LUXURY OF LUXURIES IS THAT OF DOING GOOD!

THE VIOLET.

“O mother, mother, only look!

See what I’ve got for thee!

I found it close beside the brook;

This pretty violet, see.

“And father says there will be more;

So, mother, when they come,

We’ll pick my little basket full,

And bring them with us home.

“And, mother, didst thou ever hear—

’Tis very strange, indeed—

This pretty flower, with leaves and all,

Was once a little seed?

“When it was planted in the ground,

The sun shone very bright,

And made the little seed so warm,

It grew with all its might.”

“Yes, Charles, the bright sun made it warm;

’Twas wet with rain and dew;

The leaves came first, and then, ere long,

We found the violet blue.

“Charley, I think when we are good,
Obedient, and kind,

Good feelings, like the little flowers,
Are growing in the mind.

“But when we suffer evil thoughts
To grow and flourish there,
Then they are like the noxious weeds
That choke the flowerets fair.”

John

CONVERSATION FIFTH.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE FIFTH QUERY.

“Are poor Friends’ necessities duly inspected, and they relieved or assisted in such business as they are capable of? Do their children freely partake of learning to fit them for business; and are they and other Friends’ children placed among Friends?”

Dory. Cousin, the wheat we planted for Joseph Selby has sprouted nicely. It is nearly two inches high.

Cousin. I am pleased to hear it. Does it seem to give him pleasure to see it growing?

Sue. Yes, indeed, it does; he puts it first on one window ledge, then on another, so that

the sun may shine upon it, and watches it a great deal.

Cousin. Poor little sick boy! is he likely to get well?

Dory. His mother thinks he will; he is so much better that the doctor says if it is a fine day to-morrow, he may take a ride.

Cousin. It will do him good to breathe a little pure country air, and I hope some kind friend will offer to take him.

Sue. The doctor told his mother if no one else came to take him, he would give him a ride after he got through with his sick folks.

Cousin. That is just like the good doctor; he is always so thoughtful of those who have no way to ride. I fear they are very needy.

Dory. Mother thinks they are, but Joe's mother does not like people to know it, and she will not tell when they do want anything.

Sue. Mother often goes to see them, and takes them things, but she thinks Mary Selby

would suffer before she would tell anybody their troubles.

Cousin. That is a great pity; for were it not for having those among us who need help, we might care only for ourselves and grow very selfish; in looking after those who have fewer comforts than we have, our hearts are kept tender and thoughtful of others, and we think less of self. I wonder if they have plenty of good warm clothes?

Dory. I do not know, cousin; but I thought if Joe took a ride he would want a scarf, and so I gave him my large woollen one: but it was a long time before I could get him to take it.

Cousin. Is it not soon for thee to leave it off, Dory?

Dory. Mother said I might give it away, for I do not wear it when I am well and strong.

Sue. And mother says it keeps the moths

out of woollen things to give them to those who need and will use them.

Cousin. Certainly it does, and it is a great deal surer way than to pack them in camphor boxes. No doubt the scarf will be very useful to Joe, but we must see he does not need something else.

Sue. I am sure he does, if he would only say so.

Cousin. We must not always wait for that, for some are so modest they will not let their wants be known. Our talk to-day is, you know, about the Fifth Query, which relates to taking care of those who have not enough of their own to make them comfortable, and helping them in their business. What does Mary Selby do, or what is she capable of doing?

Dory. She sews when she can get it to do.

Sue. Yes, when she can get it to do, but very often she has no work.

Cousin. We must try to help her to get

work. I have two or three pieces which I can give her, and if we ask some of our friends we may get more.

Sue. I will ask Ella Carey if her mother has not some sewing she can give her.

Dory. I will ask Will and James Black to tell their mother about her.

Cousin. If we each do what we can, I think, among us all, we can surely get her as much sewing as she can do.

Sue. Waiting on Joe, now he is sick, takes a great deal of time, and taking care of their house takes a good deal more; so she does not get much chance to sew.

Dory. Her house always looks so clean—and I am sure nobody has whiter curtains than Mary Selby.

Sue. Yes, they *are* white; and she always has such pretty flowers in the windows. It is not like Annie Hood's house, which is so dirty father does not like to sit down when he goes there.

Dory. It is not Samuel Hood's fault, for he always makes all the shoes he can get from the stores ; but he has such a lazy wife, and such naughty children, he has no peace at home.

Sue. Yes, indeed, they are naughty children ; I always hide my things when I see them coming. They break everything to pieces.

Cousin. And yet, Sue, would it not be better to teach them to take care of them ? If they are naughty, so much more need have they of being helped to do right.

Sue. Yes, but they would break all my things.

Cousin. Give them something they cannot break, and teach them, if they want to play with it again, they must use it carefully, and take it from them before they tire of it. The poor little children only want right teaching. I suspect they have no playthings of their own, and do not know how to use them.

Sue. I wonder their mother does not teach them.

Dory. Father says she never was taught : her mother let her do as she pleased, and she pleased to do nothing ; and she really does not know how to make her children do right.

Cousin. It is a great pity for all of them. Do the children go to school ?

Dory. I suppose they will go now, for they are coming to our school ; but where they went before, they were at home half the time.

Cousin. I wonder the teacher did not send for them when they were absent.

Dory. The teacher did send for them till she found it was of no use, and then she let them take their own way about it ; but now they are coming to our school, they will have to come all the time.

Sue. Yes, indeed, they will ; for teacher Mary will not let us stay at home scarcely for anything. She says children should learn all

they can, that they may be useful when they grow to be men and women.

Cousin. I am very glad they are going to school to your teacher, for I am sure she will do all in her power to make them good children.

Dory. Before they went to that school, father wanted them to come to teacher Mary, because we have a meeting fund to pay for those whose parents cannot afford to pay for them.

Cousin. That is in order that all may freely partake of learning to fit them for business.

Dory. Just what I heard Jesse Howell tell father when they were talking about what Joe Selby was to learn.

Cousin. What does he wish to learn?

Dory. Joe thinks he would like to be a teacher. Father says he has a good deal to learn yet before he can take charge of a school; but Joe is very smart, and I think it will not take him long.

Sue. As he is lame, it will suit him best to be a teacher or a tailor.

Cousin. I should think it would suit him very well to be a teacher. He studies closely, and is so sweet-tempered and fond of children.

Dory. I expect he will be a teacher.

Cousin. What will become of the little Hoods? for I hear their father thinks he will not be able to keep them all at home.

Sue. Mother wants to get homes for them among some of our friends, but she will not place them where they cannot go to school.

Dory. No, I am sure she will not, for she often says,

“’Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.”

Sue. I am so glad we can live at home with our own dear parents, that I think I shall never want to hide my playthings from the little Hoods again, for I believe if they

had some of their own they would soon learn to take care of them.

Cousin. No doubt they would, dear Sue, and while with grateful hearts we enjoy the many good things a kind Providence so freely bestows upon us, let us not be selfish in our pleasures, but always try to remember those who seem to have less of this world's store than ourselves.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

This is the first and great command—
To love thy God above ;
And this the second—as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

Who is my neighbor? He who wants
The help which thou canst give ;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

THE POOR.

Have pity on them ! for their life
Is full of grief and care ;
Ye do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear.
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer,
“ Give us our daily bread.”

And sick at heart, she turns away
From the small face wan with pain,
And feels that prayer has long been said
By those young lips in vain.
You do not see the pallid cheeks
Of those whose years are few,
But who are old in all the griefs
The poor must struggle through.

Deal gently with those wretched ones,
Whatever wrought their wo,
For the poor have much to tempt and test
That you can never know.
Then judge them not, for hard, indeed,
Is their dark lot of care ;

Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
With human faults should bear.

And when within your happy homes
You hear the voice of mirth,

When smiling faces brighten round
The warm and cheerful hearth,

Let charitable thoughts go forth
For the sad and homeless one.

And your own lot more blest will be
For every kind deed done.

J. T. W.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,

And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up;"

How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell;

How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,

“What can a little dew-drop do?

I'd better roll away:”

The blade on which it rested,

Before the day was done,

Without a drop to moisten it,

Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes

Upon a summer's day,

Should think themselves too small to cool

The traveller on his way:

Who would not miss the smallest

And softest ones that blow,

And think they make a great mistake

If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness

A little child may do,

Although it has so little strength,

And little wisdom too.

It needs a loving spirit

Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child may do

For others by its love.

CONVERSATION SIXTH.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE SIXTH QUERY.

“Do you maintain a faithful testimony against oaths; an hireling ministry; bearing arms, training and other military services; being concerned in any fraudulent or clandestine trade; buying or vending goods so imported, or prize goods; and against encouraging lotteries of any kind?”

Dory. Cousin, I know about some things in the Sixth Query, and I often wonder James Black's father does not teach him not to use bad words.

Nuc. I do not think his father cares much about it, and I believe James thinks it makes him seem manly.

Cousin. It is sad, indeed, that any one should not feel it wrong to use profane language. Perhaps, Dory, if some of his play-mates would tell him how it pains them to hear him talk so, he might be led to see what a wicked practice it is.

Dory. I do not often see him, but he scarcely ever comes with a message from his father, that he does not use some ugly word while he is here.

Cousin. Does not thy father reprove him for using such words?

Sue. O, he takes good care not to let father hear him. He knows our father would not allow him to talk so.

Cousin. I hope you try to let him know that you are not pleased with such language.

Dory. He knows well enough we do not like it, but he does not seem to care for that.

Cousin. "Truth comes before an oath," and I very much fear he is not a truthful

boy, for if he spoke only the truth he would have no doubt about being believed.

Sue. I wonder the "voice" speaking in his heart does not prevent him from swearing.

Cousin. It would, if he would only give heed to it. This "voice" always directs into the right way, but it never forces us to walk in it.

Dory. Father will not swear even in court, for he says, "It is great presumption in man to summon God as a witness in his trifling, earthly concerns."

Cousin. God is at all times a witness of our words and actions. We are always in his presence, and at all times bound to speak only the truth. Good men will speak the truth without an oath.

Dory. And bad men will not always speak the truth even after they swear to do it.

Cousin. I fear not; but a good man can never say what is false. We should *always*

try to speak and think the truth, for God hears even our thoughts, and it is an express command of the Holy Jesus, that we “swear not at all.”

Dory. It is very wicked to do so, and I will try to persuade James Black not to use such words again.

Cousin. It is always wrong to take an oath. It is making an oath of greater value than the truth, which was long before oaths were made, and will be spoken when all oaths are done away.

Sue. O, Dory, do let us tell him how wrong it is, and I think he cannot do it again, for he goes to meeting, and he often talks about what the minister says to him.

Dory. Yes, I know he goes to meeting, for he goes where Tom Carey goes.

Sue. Well! mother says Parson Keitt is a good man, and it is not his fault James Black is so bad.

Cousin. No, Sue, not his fault, for each

one of us has the "voice" within our own heart, showing us what is right and what is wrong, and we need no one to tell us what to do, or what not to do.

Dory. Tom says, Parson Keitt gets a lot of money for preaching to them.

Sue. Why, what is the use of preaching when we all have the "voice" within?

Cousin. True, we all have this "voice" within, and it is the sure guide for each one, but there are many outward helps which aid us in doing right. By the teachings of rightly-qualified instruments our feelings are often so impressed that we are quickened in divine and social love, and strengthened in the faithful discharge of our little duties; but none can awaken this feeling in us unless our Heavenly Father qualify him for it.

Dory. They sent for Parson Keitt all the way from Rhode Island, because he was a great preacher, and Tom says he studies nearly all the time.

Sue. *Studies!* To hear what the “voice” tells him, I suppose.

Dory. No! he studies the Bible and other good books that he may preach fine, and have people come to hear him.

Sue. Yes, but cousin said our Heavenly Father *only* could give any one power to preach; then why do they take money for what He gives without study?

Cousin. Truly, Sue, Jesus told his disciples, “Freely ye have received, freely give,” and the good book tells us we can buy this treasure “*without money and without price.*”

Dory. But, cousin, if it takes him all the time to study, what would become of his family if he was not paid for preaching?

Cousin. If any one is required to preach, we must believe our Heavenly Father will qualify him for the work, and the only preparation needed is to centre to the pure life of Christ in the soul, until ability be afforded “to divide the word aright.” This does not

require *study*, and therefore his own hands can minister to his necessities and those of his family. This gift is conferred on women equally with men, for they are all one in Christ, and we have Scripture testimony that women received the gift of prophecy. If we *pay* a man to preach to us, we want him to say what pleases us, and then there is great danger he may seek to please man rather than God.

Sue. People would not go to hear him if he did not please them.

Cousin. Very likely they would not; but sometimes truth requires we shall hear what is not pleasant to us.

Dory. Yes; but it is not very pleasant to be told when we do wrong. If any one could keep us in the right, it would be worth while to pay them for it; but how can they tell what the "voice" says to *us*?

Cousin. They cannot tell; and it is wrong for us to buy and sell the truth, by paying

people to preach to us. We all have the witness in our own hearts, and if we follow it, it will "lead and guide into all truth," and what more can we want?

Sue. Mother says no one can hear this voice but ourselves.

Cousin. That is true, Sue; but we must be very careful not to mistake our own self-will for this "inspeaking voice." It is so still and small, we are not always humble and quiet enough to hear it rightly.

Sue. It never teaches us to wrong any one.

Cousin. No, nor to think unjustly of any one, but it teaches us to love our enemies, and to return good for evil.

Dory. Cousin, James Black is going to Annapolis to learn to be a soldier.

Sue. Yes, his father expects to take him next week—he told Dory so.

Cousin. I wonder that James Black's father and mother are willing to train their son for a murderer.

Dory. O, they do not call it that; he is going to school there, and he will learn to be a soldier at the same time.

Sue. He says he'll wear the uniform, and walk grandly, and hold his head high, and be a big man.

Cousin. And take the life of his brother man when he gets the chance: not of one only, but it may be of tens and hundreds. It is dreadful even to think of.

Dory. But, cousin, what would we do in time of war if no one had learned to fight?

Cousin. Were we to do right we would have no war. "Nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither would we learn war any more."

Dory. I think it is very wicked to go to war, but I do not see how we could get along without it.

Cousin. If it is very wicked it is wrong, and we can always get along without doing wrong.

Dory. How would we have got along without the war of the Revolution? If we had not declared our independence we should still be colonies of England.

Cousin. Very likely—it was altogether right for us to resist unjust taxation, but altogether wrong for us to arm ourselves and fight for our rights.

Dory. They would not have given us our rights, had we not gone to war about them.

Cousin. I think they would, Dory.

Dory. Not unless we paid the tax.

Cousin. We should not have done that, if we thought it an unjust tax.

Dory. Well, what then?

Cousin. We might have sent addresses and petitions to the people of England, showing them we were unjustly taxed.

Dory. What would they have cared about our petitions? They wanted our money, to which they had no right.

Cousin. Probably, at first, they would

scarcely have noticed them ; but there were many men in the British Parliament who were opposed to the tax on the colonies, and no doubt they would, after awhile, have given us all we asked without bloodshed.

Dory. It would have been a *great while* first.

Cousin. I doubt whether it would have been longer than eight years, the time our war of independence lasted ; and, most likely, England would have hung many of our leading men as rebels.

Dory. Yes ; to be sure she would.

Cousin. But it is not at all likely she would have hung *one hundred thousand*, which, I believe, was the number of men killed in that war, besides women and children.

Sue. O, awful, one hundred thousand men killed in one war ! only think of it, Dory !

Cousin. And yet the loss of life is only

one of the horrors of war; the separation of families; the sad condition in which they are often left at home, while the husband, the father, the son, and the brother are fighting for their "country's glory," as they say, is painful to think of.

Sue. Indeed, it is!

Cousin. The great number of widows and orphans made by war, is another sad feature of it; but the worst of all is the wickedness, drunkenness, and profaneness to which the soldiers are exposed in the army. War seldom settles difficulties between nations; for, after all the loss of life on both sides, they mostly resort to treaties, which might have been arranged without war. Friends, as you see by the Sixth Query, are not allowed to join, in any way, in war, because it is clearly in opposition to the gospel spirit, which breathes "peace on earth and goodwill to all men."

Dory. I thought war must be wrong, and

I should be very glad if we could do without going to war.

Cousin. I think if one party only, wishes to do right, disputes may be settled peaceably, for nothing has ever been gained by war, that might not have been gained by purchase or treaty.

Sue. Father says it takes two to make a quarrel.

Dory. But yet we should make people give us our rights.

Cousin. It is right for us to resist wrong, but we must be very *careful* to resist it in the right way, and not do wrong ourselves, in trying to make others do right.

Dory. I know we should not; and it is a shame to spend so much money in training people for war.

Cousin. It is most certainly! If the money spent by our nation, for warlike purposes, had been used for the cause of Education, it would have built a school-house in

every neighborhood, and all might have shared the blessing of instruction.

Sue. Even the poor Indian!

Cousin. Yes, even the poor Indian! but instead of that, by our warlike measures, we have driven him farther and farther from the beautiful country which was once his hunting ground, till, as he says, "we have scarcely left him a spot on which to spread his blanket."

Dory. Yet this whole land was once his own.

Cousin. Yes, and we who see so clearly our own rights, show little respect for the rights of others; but as long as we are a nation the memory of the Red man's wrongs will remain with us, for—

"Their names are on our waters,

We may not wash them out."

Dory. If it is wrong to use warlike weapons, is it not wrong to make guns,

pistols, and bayonets, or to manufacture gunpowder?

Cousin. Gunpowder is used for blasting rocks and for some other purposes; but it is most certainly wrong to make or use any instrument for the destruction of human life.

Dory. If no one used them they would not be made.

Cousin. Very true; and it is a pity we should ever be tempted to buy, sell, or use what can only injure another. Many of these warlike weapons are made in foreign countries, and on most imported goods we have to pay a tax or duty.

Dory. Why do we pay duty on them?

Cousin. To make them sell higher than goods made in our own country, so that our own manufacturers may be able to sell their goods at the same price as imported ones.

Dory. Who puts the taxes on imported goods?

Cousin. Our government; and if any one

brings goods in secretly, without paying the custom-house duties, he cheats the government.

Dory. It is as wrong to cheat the government as to cheat a person.

Cousin. Certainly it is. Any trade is wrong that brings sorrow or mischief to any one; and there is none perhaps so full of evil as the African slave-trade, to which some of us think this *query* alludes when it speaks of fraudulent trade or prize-goods: for the poor slaves when taken from their own country are taken by force, and the produce of their labor is certainly fraudulently obtained, for they are never paid for it.

Dory. Why, Cousin, I thought our laws did not allow slaves to be brought into the country.

Cousin. Our laws do prohibit the slave-trade, but many unprincipled men continue secretly to engage in it.

Dory. How do they dare to do it?

Cousin. Wicked men will dare to do anything to get money.

Dory. But if it is contrary to law, how can they do it?

Cousin. They have many schemes by which to evade the law, and prevent the vessels they meet from suspecting them of being in the slave-trade.

Sue. How do they get the slaves?

Cousin. The slave-ship stops out in the water, a little way from the coast of Africa, and they promise the simple people finery and trinkets if they will come on board.

Sue. But I should not think they would stay if they did go?

Cousin. Their visit is much like the visit of the fly to the spider, for who once visits that dismal den is sure never to get out again; but most generally the negroes are stolen and forced on board the slave-ship.

Dory. I should think they would not have officers enough to steal so many.

Cousin. They could not steal so many if they were not aided by the Africans themselves. The many little tribes into which they are divided are not friendly, and they make war upon each other, and all the prisoners they take or steal they sell to the white men.

Sue. Do they bring them to the ships to the white men?

Cousin. Sometimes they take them in canoes to the slave-ship, and sometimes to the barracoons.

Sue. What are the barracoons?

Cousin. Little sheds or depots where they are kept till they are ready to march them to the ship, when they are closely packed in the hold of the vessel, where they have no light except through the hatchway.

Sue. O, is it not a wicked business! do they ever steal little children?

Cousin. They are nearly all young persons from fifteen to twenty years, though some

of them are children of nine or ten years, and hardly one above twenty-five years old.

Sue. I suppose they have to drag them away.

Cousin. They take them in every way they can, and often have several hundred in one slave-ship. In some cases they have been so closely packed that when prepared for sleep they had to lie as near together as herrings in a barrel. They seldom provide enough food and water for them, and the poor negroes often have to drink the salt sea-water, so that their sufferings during the passage are extreme.

Dory. I should think when there are so many of them they could easily rise and take the ship.

Cousin. Probably they would if they all spoke the same language, but they are careful to choose the cargo from different tribes who cannot understand each other, and they watch them very closely all the time.

Dory. It is a cruel trade; and it is strange people can be found wicked enough to engage in it.

Cousin. The undue love of money is no doubt the cause. The high price for which the slaves sell tempts bad men to enter into this trade rather than work honestly for their living.

Sue. Where do they take the slaves to sell them?

Cousin. They generally bring them to the United States, or take them to Cuba.

Sue. I do not see how people can buy them, for they know well enough the white men have no right to them.

Cousin. They not only buy them, but keep them toiling in bondage, raising rice, sugar, cotton, and other things to sell to those who do not think it right to hold slaves themselves.

Dory. Why, what is the difference?

Cousin. I can see but little difference; in

one case we hold them ourselves, in the other we pay another person to hold them.

Sue. We could not get our rice, sugar, and cotton but for them !

Cousin. So the slaveholders think, and they say if we will let them alone, and buy their produce, they will ask no more.

Sue. Do they not pay the colored man for working for them ?

Cousin. They say they do. Every year they give them two suits of clothes apiece, and each week one peck of meal and a small piece of pork.

Sue. Is that all they get for working hard every day ?

Cousin. The house-servants may, now and then, get a dainty scrap from the plate of the master or mistress, but the field-hands mostly have only pork or herring, if they live where they can catch them. Instead of meal many of them get Indian corn, which they must grind for themselves after their day's work is

over, and where they have but one mill on the plantation it is often near midnight before they get enough ground to last them the next day.

Sue. Do they do the same way every day?

Cousin. They mostly have holiday for a week at Christmas, four days at Easter, and the first day of the week ; but except that,

“ Week out, week in,
From morn till night,”

in the mid-day sun, and often in the evening dew, you may see them toiling, toiling, followed by an overseer, on horseback, with a cowhide to urge up the weak or lazy ones.

Sue. O, dear me, I shall never want any of their sugar nor rice again !

Dory. Nor I ! They have a weary life.

Cousin. And yet, poor creatures, could they toil on even in this way, from the cradle to the grave, on the same plantation, they would have less to feel than they often have now.

Sue. Why, what could they have more?

Cousin. At any time, by the failure of their master, they may be sold away from their father and mother, brothers and sisters, and be taken to another plantation, far, far from their kindred and the place which was once their home.

Dory. But we have no right to sell nor to hold them in bondage.

Cousin. No right, certainly, but that which might gives; yet we have nearly four millions of human beings who do not own their own bodies; they cannot hold property of any kind, and the law does not allow them to be taught to read and write.

Sue. How dreadful it is!

Cousin. If it were not for strict laws, they could not be kept in slavery.

Dory. I wonder they can be kept in slavery even with strict laws.

Cousin. They have been so long treated

as beasts of burden, that the spirit of liberty is worked out of many of them.

Sue. I shall think of them every day, and I hope they may be free sometime.

Cousin. Let us often think of them, and pray that the gain of oppression may not blind us, and cause us to act unjustly towards this injured people.

Sue. What a pity it is that everybody will not do right !

Cousin. It would be a beautiful thing if we all did justly in every respect ; but, while we censure others, let us take care that we ourselves are clear of this great wrong.

Dory. If nobody bought the cotton, sugar, and rice, they would not keep their slaves.

Cousin. That is true, Dory, and while we use articles that have been raised by the slaves, we are all the time offering a prize for slave labor, and such articles are prize-goods.

Dory. People sometimes draw prizes in lotteries—do they not ?

Cousin. Yes, sometimes, but very rarely do they get a prize; but this is another trade that injures a great many people, and therefore it is very wrong.

Dory. They buy a ticket in a lottery, and then, may be, they may draw a prize.

Sue. Yes, it is a may be; father says, not one in a thousand draws a prize.

Cousin. Those who buy tickets hoping to get a prize, may buy and buy until all their living is spent in buying, and they and their children are beggared.

Dory. I suppose they are hoping all the time they will draw a prize.

Cousin. I suppose so, but it is generally a "forlorn hope." Should they draw a prize, it is money to which they have no just right, and it must have come out of the pockets of the hundreds and thousands who got only blanks.

Dory. But they chose to run the risk.

Cousin. But it is not an honest risk. If a man spends his money for goods, he runs

the risk of not selling his goods, but this risk depends much on his judgment in buying them, and it is an honest risk; but if a man spends his money in buying lottery tickets, it is all chance; he can make no calculation about it.

Dory. No, and he scarcely ever gets his money back again.

Cousin. Trusting to getting rich in this way, often prevents a person from making any effort to gain an honest living, wastes his time, injures his character as a business man, and very often brings him to poverty.

Dory. Is it worse than playing cards or billiards?

Cousin. They are all a species of gambling.

Dory. But people often play cards who do not play for money.

Cousin. To the idle and shiftless there is always a temptation in play, even when it is done for pastime, for had they not learned

to play they would scarcely think of mending their fortunes by gambling.

Dory. It is very wrong to gamble.

Cousin. A taste for gambling is often formed by playing only for amusement, and it is dangerous to indulge in what may prove such an injury.

Dory. Father says, Frederick Stevens learned to gamble by first playing cards with his father at home.

Cousin. Yes, they played together very often, and at length Frederick became so skilful he gave up a good business and spends his whole time in this way.

Dory. Mother often tells us how sad his sister is about him, and his mother, she says, is almost heart-broken.

Cousin. It is not to be wondered at, for he was a great darling with them both.

Dory. Mother does not like me even to play marbles

Sue. One thing, it soils thy clothes and wears them out at the knees.

Dory. O, it is not for that,—she does not mind when I tear them at play, for she wants me to have a good time; but she says, we may begin to play marbles “in fun,” and it may end “in earnest,” and it sometimes causes boys to get angry with each other, and use naughty words.

Cousin. Yes; that is too often the case, and when you play “in earnest,” as boys call it, and win marbles from each other, the boy that wins takes advantage of the other boy’s want of skill to get his marbles away from him. This is just what older gamblers do, and a taste for gambling may be formed in very early life by boys playing marbles.

Dory. I never played “in earnest,” and I would not take any boy’s marbles, for I do not think it would be right nor honest.

Cousin. No, Dory, it is not honest; but we have had a long chat this time, and we must not make it too long, or you will forget what we have talked about.

Dory. No, indeed, I think I shall not.

Sue. I do not believe I shall either.

Cousin. I hope you will not; and I want you to remember that Friends do not think it right to take oaths, nor to encourage an hireling ministry. They must not have anything to do with war, nor any fraudulent or elandestine trade, *nor lotteries of any kind.*

MORNING THOUGHTS FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Night is over; light is streaming;
Through my window-pane 'tis come,
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear, happy home.
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.

Night is over; Heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy spirit rule within.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness,
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by children muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft will longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If angry words were gently past—
Forgiven, not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

The Wind and the Sun disputed,
One chilly Autumnal day,
As they noticed a traveller wending
Far over the common his way,
Wrapt up in a cloak that shielded
His limbs from the early cold—
The Wind and the Sun disputed
Which could loosen its ample fold.

The Wind, who was always a boaster,
Said *he* could succeed, he knew :
So he summoned up all his forces,
And terrible blasts he blew ;
But in vain were his angry strivings,
For the traveller, bowing politely,
Only hurried along the faster,
And grasped his cloak more tightly.

With a beautiful smile the Sunshine
Steps forward *her* skill to try :
And she offered her kindest greeting
To the stranger passing by :

And her glance was so warm and winning
That he presently felt its charm,
And flinging aside his garment,
He threw it across his arm!

Now our story is but a fable;
But its moral is surely plain—
That not by *force*, but *persuasion*,
Our brother we strive to gain;
Cross words and unkind reproaches
Will never his heart unclose;
We must seek to persuade him gently,
Not harshly his way oppose.

Take “Love” for your constant motto,
And follow it out each day,
And cast upon all around you
A kind and cheerful ray:
For a great deal more good to others
Men might in our world have done,
If they rightly had learned the fable
We have told of the Wind and Sun.

CONVERSATION SEVENTH.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE SEVENTH QUERY.

“Are Friends careful to live within the bounds of their circumstances, and to keep to moderation in their trade or business; are they punctual to their promises, and just in the payment of their debts; and are such as give reasonable grounds for fear on these accounts, timely labored with for their preservation or recovery?”

Sue. Cousin, before we begin our talk about the queries, I want to ask thee who first thought of making pins? Ella Carey and I were talking about them, and I told her I would ask thee to tell me, and then I would tell her.

Dory. A pin is only a little bit of brass, with a round head on one end, and the other end sharpened to a point !

Cousin. Suppose, Dory, I were to bring thee a piece of brass wire and a penknife, how long would it take thee to make one ?

Dory. O, I know I could not make one, for I have heard "it takes twenty persons to make a pin."

Cousin. No doubt it did when pins were first made ; for they went through many hands, from the digging of the copper out of the mine till the last polish required to make them bright and smooth.

Dory. Copper ! why, are pins made of copper ?

Cousin. Pins are made of brass, and brass is made of copper and zinc.

Sue. How do they make pins ?

Cousin. They used to make them by cutting brass wire of the proper length, and

afterwards they sharpened the points and put on the heads.

Dory. How did they sharpen the points?

Cousin. They were sharpened by boys, who sat each with a couple of grindstones before them turned by a wheel. Upon these one end of the wire was made sharp and pointed.

Sue. How did they put on the heads?

Cousin. The heads were made by twisting a very thin wire round and round; into this they stuck the blunt end of the pin, and a slight blow with a hammer fastened it tightly on. Children mostly put the heads on, and they had to be very quick in their motions not to bruise their fingers.

Dory. It must have taken a long time to make a pin.

Cousin. It was, indeed, a tedious process; but pins are made differently now.

Sue. How are they made now?

Cousin. They are now made by machine-

ry. In a large establishment, there are sometimes one hundred machines, and each machine turns out from forty to fifty pins in a minute.

Dory. How is the machinery kept in motion?

Cousin. A large iron wheel, which is turned by steam or water, gives motion to all the machinery, and the apparatus is so constructed as to convert a coil of wire into a perfect pin with little apparent effort, and scarcely any noise.

Dory. I should like to go to a pin factory.

Cousin. It is a very interesting place to visit. When the wire is placed on the reel, and the machine set in motion, the sharp bright pins soon make their appearance.

Sue. How I should love to see them, and to see the men put the heads on them!

Cousin. The machine entirely finishes the pin; all that the men do is to supply the wire and keep the machinery in order.

Dory. Do they not attend to putting on the heads and having the points sharpened?

Cousin. No; the machine does it all. One part of the machinery draws out the wire, straightens it, and cuts it of the proper length; another part points and polishes the pins; and then another part presses the blunt end of the wire into dies, to form a neat, round, and solid head.

Dory. It must be a wonderful machine!

Cousin. It is truly a wonderful invention; and so great is the demand for this useful little article, they are made in immense quantities. One establishment alone is capable of producing two tons of pins weekly, or three millions two hundred and forty thousand daily.

Sue. No wonder they sell so cheaply.

Cousin. And yet, cheap as they are, many persons have not the means of buying them.

Sue. Everybody can get pins. Can they not?

Cousin. Many persons either beg or find all the pins they use ; and there is often much inconvenience among the poor for the want of pins, needles, and sewing utensils.

Sue. We do not often think of persons needing such little things.

Cousin. Yet many *do need* them ; and we should be careful in the use even of little things, that we may spare something to give to those who have not these comforts.

Sue. That is what mother tells us ; and she says we must try not to lose nor waste anything, for “ ’tis wilful waste brings woful want.”

Cousin. It most generally does ; but that we may have to give to others, we must not only use wisely our good things, but try to keep our wants always within our means.

Dory. Everybody ought to do that.

Cousin. We would think so, certainly ; but one little expense creeps in after another, till we sometimes find we have spent more

than we intended, and more than we can afford.

Dory. When we do that we have nothing to give away.

Cousin. No; for we must always be just before we are generous.

Sue. I hope I shall always have something to spare to the sick and the hungry.

Cousin. The little we can spare is often a great help to them; that we may enjoy this pleasure we must live within the bounds of our circumstances. Then we can not only share our outward blessings with those who are deprived of them, but we have less anxiety about the things of the world. Our talk about pins has brought us to our query—for it asks if we are careful to live within the bounds of our circumstances. When we do not do so, we run into debt, and then we borrow money, and have nothing to pay it back with, and so get into trouble.

Dory. If Joe Selby's father had not

lived so high, they might have been well off now.

Cousin. Yes, Wilson Selby lived at great expense, and he thought no doubt he would be very rich sometime, for he was in a large business at the time of his failure.

Dory. How came he to fail?

Cousin. His business grew so large it was more than he could manage; if he had been willing to conduct it in a moderate way, it is not likely he would have failed.

Dory. It is a pity for Mary Selby and Joe that he did not.

Cousin. Yes, it is always a pity for a man or his family, when he takes so much unnecessary care upon himself. Wilson Selby gave all his time to business, and seemed scarcely to think of anything else for awhile, but when trouble and sorrow came upon him, he felt how very unwise it is to spend so much time and thought only for this life.

Dory. Father says if he had not been in

such haste to be rich, he might have been living now.

Cousin. Very likely; for he was greatly distressed because he could not keep the promises he had made, nor pay the debts he had contracted.

Dory. Did many people lose money by him?

Cousin. No, I think not. When his estate came to be settled, there was enough to pay the debts, but nothing more.

Sue. People sometimes make promises without thinking much about the keeping of them.

Cousin. I fear too many do; but we should never make a promise we do not at the time intend to keep; and, when we promise, we must try to be punctual to our promise.

Sue. Some persons promise to visit a person when they do not intend to go.

Cousin. This may sometimes be thoughtlessly done, and, though not so likely to cause

trouble as promises of greater moment, it is a wilful departure from the truth, and should be guarded against.

Dory. I never thought of it before ; but a promise is a promise, let it be ever so small.

Cousin. Certainly it is ; and we can never break even a slight promise without swerving from the truth, and falling from our self-respect.

Dory. It is worse not to pay our debts than to make false promises.

Cousin. They are much the same in principle, but not being just in the payment of our debts may more seriously affect others, by not giving them the means of paying their debts.

Dory. I will try not to promise what I do not expect to perform ; but if other people will not keep their promises and pay their debts, I am sure I cannot help it.

Cousin. We can only promise for ourselves ; it is our chief duty to set a watch

over our own hearts that we sin not, but it is sometimes right for us also to caution others against a fault, for a word in season may strengthen a weak brother to do right.

Dory. But if they have not kept their promises, it is scarcely worth while to tell them of it when it is too late.

Cousin. It may be a caution to them in future; but we should not leave it till it is too late.

Sue. "It is never too late to mend," mother says.

Cousin. No; while there is life there is hope of improvement; but it is always better to avoid error than to reform from it.

Dory. I hope when I am a man I shall not have so much trouble about money.

Cousin. I think I can give thee a rule which, if strictly attended to, will preserve from much anxiety on that account.

Dory. What is it?

Sue. I want to hear it, too.

Cousin. Why, to be careful to live within the bounds of your circumstances, and to keep to moderation in your trade or business ; to be punctual to your promises, and just in the payment of your debts.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

Mother, watch the little feet

Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall ;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs ;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand

Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay ;
Never dare the question ask,
“ Why to me this weary task ? ”

These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By thy happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken ;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you ;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed ;
Harvest rich, you then may see
Ripening for eternity.

CHILDHOOD.

BY DAVID BATES.

Childhood, sweet and sunny childhood,

With its careless, thoughtless air,
Like the verdant, tangled wildwood,
Wants the training hand of care.

See it springing all around us—

Glad to know and quick to learn ;
Asking questions that confound us ;
Teaching lessons in its turn.

Who loves not its joyous revel,

Leaping lightly on the lawn,
Up the knoll, along the level,
Free and graceful as a fawn !

Let it revel : it is nature

Giving to the little dears
Strength of limb, and healthful features,
For the toil of coming years.

He who checks a child with terror,

Stops its play, and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it—

Active life is no defect ;

Never, never break its spirit—

Curb it only to direct.

Would you dam the flowing river,

Thinking it will cease to flow ?

Onward it must go for ever—

Better teach it where to go.

Childhood is a fountain welling,

Trace its channel in the sand.

And its currents, spreading, swelling,

Will revive the withered land.

Childhood is the vernal season ;

Trim and train the tender shoot ;

Love is to the coming reason

As the blossom to the fruit.

Tender twigs are bent and folded—

Art to nature beauty lends ;

Childhood easily is moulded :

Manhood breaks, but seldom bends.

CONVERSATION EIGHTH.

IN WHICH COUSIN HARRIET EXPLAINS TO
THEODORE AND HIS SISTER

THE EIGHTH QUERY.

“Do you take due care regularly to deal with all offenders in the spirit of meekness, without partiality or unnecessary delay, in order for their help; and where such labor is ineffectual, to place judgment upon them in the authority of truth?”

Cousin. I am quite pleased to get to the Eighth Query. We have talked so freely of the faults of others, and said so much about wrongdoing, I fear we may begin to think we ourselves are pretty nearly right.

Sue. O, we did not say we *always* do right.

Cousin. No, we have not said that, but we have been so closely viewing the failings of others, and seeing in what way they do wrong, there is some danger of our feeling that we are better than they.

Dory. We do not always see our own faults as plainly as we see those of other people.

Cousin. We do not, for self-love too often makes us blind to our own failings. It is certainly our first duty to "sweep before our own door," and "set our own houses in order;" for "If every home was what it should be, there would be little to be done abroad." I want us all three to be very careful to attend first to No. One, and watch diligently over ourselves lest we go wrong. We have greater opportunities of improvement than some others, and of course ought to make fewer mistakes, and have a great deal of charity for those who are exposed to improper examples. But while we watch over ourselves, it may

also be our duty, when we see others do things which seem wrong to us, to reason with them, and try to convince them they are in error.

Dory. Perhaps they may not like to be told of their faults.

Cousin. If we evince to them a spirit of meekness and love, and make them feel that we desire only their good, I think few will not receive such a word of caution.

Sue. Father says, "one fault-mender is worth a dozen fault-finders."

Cousin. If we were always tender of the feelings of others, and careful only to speak to them as we would like to be spoken to, we might speak very freely to each other without giving offence. It is our duty to watch over one another for good, and to caution each other against the beginnings of evil.

Dory. Telling a person a fault, when no one is by, is very different from telling other people about it.

Cousin. O yes, altogether different. Telling his fault to others is tattling, which is *always* wrong, not only because it may injure the person spoken about, but it has a bad effect upon the tale-bearer.

Sue. People that talk against others almost always say, "do not tell anybody."

Dory. Yes, they say "do not tell anybody," but they might almost as well say, "run, tell everybody," and they forget they are doing that very thing.

Cousin. This is very often the case, and the caution amounts to little more than to quiet their own conscience; for they can scarcely expect others to be more judicious than they have been.

Sue. Suppose persons get angry when we speak to them about their faults.

Cousin. We must try to speak so kindly that they will feel we have nothing but love for them in our hearts; and then, if we cannot persuade them that they are in the

wrong, they must believe we desire only their good.

Dory. May be, after all, they will not heed us when we do speak in love.

Cousin. Well, if they do not, we have done what we could to keep them from evil.

Dory. But should we not try to make them do as we say?

Cousin. We cannot expect to do that.

Dory. It would be much better for them than to let them go on doing wrong.

Cousin. Our Heavenly Father leaves us free to choose between good and evil, and we are only so far accountable for another as our example and our wrong doing may cause him to err.

Dory. Well, if he will not leave off his evil ways, we should have no more to do with him.

Cousin. We must do all we can to reclaim him; but if we cannot make him see his faults, and induce him to turn from them,

after we do all we can to convince him of his error, we have done what we could, and no more will be required of us.

Dory. It does not seem right to leave him to go on doing wrong.

Cousin. We leave him in the hands of One who is able to save; but our care over the erring ones around us should never altogether cease. We are to bear in mind we are to be one another's helpers, and this is all the power for good that is given us over each other.

Dory. We cannot do much for each other, if that is all.

Cousin. It is a great deal to encourage and strengthen each other in well-doing, and those who err and become offenders we must endeavor to treat with seasonably and impartially, in order for their help; and try to evince to those who will not be reclaimed, the spirit of meekness and love before we separate from them. And now, dear children, we have

had some very nice talks, and I hope when monthly meeting day comes again you will be so interested in going to meeting with your parents, that you will not think, as you have no school, you ought to have the whole day for play.

Dory. Well, I have often thought just so; but I shall understand more of what is done in meeting now, so I expect to be more interested; but I will not promise never to ask to stay at home, for I might break my promise, and one of the queries asks are Friends punctual to their promises.

Cousin. Very good, Dory; and I want you both to remember that query, and all the others, for they contain a great deal of good. But, above all, take heed to the teachings of the "still small voice," for this will lead you along safely in all things.

THE WATER AND THE FLOWERS.

A MEMORY.

One quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering by
a stile

That ran along a wayside path, to watch the
clock awhile,

Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow
of her wing,

I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the
spring.

Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls of
silken hair,

Supported by a tiny hand, and she was very fair,
With something in her sunny face pure as the sky
above,

And something in her gentle eye that guardian
angels love.

A little flower, blossoming a step or so aside,
This happy child of innocence with sudden joy
espied,

Then letting down her pitcher with the same
sweet, joyous song,
She watered it, half-laughingly, and gaily tripped
along;
The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a
summer's sun,
And smile beneath the act which she unconscious-
ly had done,
Whilst wandering on with fairy-tread¹ steps merry
as before,
I saw her pass the garden-gate, and close the cot-
tage door.

O! often when this little scene has crossed my
thoughts again,
I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed
her spirit then—
This little girl has tripped through life as joyous
to the last,
Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as
she passed:
If with unconscious tenderness her heart has
paused to bless
The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their
distress,

Still following up God's teachings, day by day,
and hour by hour,
Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water and
the flower:—

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has
hushed to rest
The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden
breast;
If to the wayside wanderer, where'er her steps
have led,
The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from
her head.
O! holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures lost
By those who have not known thee, had been
worthy of the cost;
How many heads a blessing from a better world
have borne
Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and the
worn.

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of bless-
ings day by day,
To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it away;

The poor and the dejected—whom God hath willed
to roam—

Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy
home!

O! let thy heart beat ever quick in actions kind
to be;

Remember him whose bounty has at all times fol-
lowed thee,

And deem it not a trouble in the wayside or the
town,

To linger where the weary are, and let the pitcher
down.

A. H. S.

HARVEST-FIELD OF TIME.

Reader, thou and I are gleaners
In the harvest-field of Time ;
Day by day the grain is ripening
For a sunnier clime.

Whether in the early morning,
Going forth with busy feet,
Or, as weary laborers, resting
'Mid the noonday heat,

Let us strive with cheerful spirits,
Each our duties to fulfil,
Till the time of harvest—subject
To the Master's will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
Bound with ties of love ;
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
To our home above.

Trusting that these precious gleanings,
Bound with loving hand,
May in golden sheaves be gathered
To the spirit land.

THE END.

